

ONE WAY TO MAKE RESOLVES

THE man who resolves not to encourage folly in others is an overindulgent husband or a too easy going father. His vows and resolutions are alarming when they are made, but are of short duration usually and should not be taken seriously by his family.

The woman who resolves to keep track of the household expenses and the girl who swears to keep a journal are hopeless. If they carry out their threats, and to the very bitter end, they become unbearably complacent. If they fail it pains one to think how weak of will they are. You see, there is absolutely no way to please one's friends in this New Year's business.

The only way to make a New Year's resolution with any hope of keeping it and your natural and amiable bearing toward the world is to adopt J. M. Barrie's recipe for enjoying a day in bed. The fun of staying all day in bed, says that canny Scot, is to begin by saying, "I will get up in fifteen minutes." When the fifteen minutes



"I SWEAR!"

are up you continue to nap or lounge. But you must not say: "I'll stay here all day. How delicious!" You must say, "Another half hour and then I'll have to get up." But at the end of the half hour you still rest among the pillows. And so on, tasting your ease all day long.

And that's the way to make New Year's resolutions. Say, "I won't buy bargains or smoke or drink or read French novels or go to problem plays this month." Then at the end of the month renew the threats, and the first thing you know it will be Dec. 31 and you will have passed an exemplary and colorless year. And your stock of egotism won't mount so high as it does when one makes yearly contracts with one's conscience—and abides by them. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN PARIS.

Stirring Description of the Scenes in the Great City's Markets.

After having chanced to spend a New Year's eve in nearly every country in Christendom, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, it is my opinion that there is more bewilderment to gaze upon and more bedlam to hear in and around the "halles" of Paris than can be found compressed in any other spot on earth. The halles are the markets of the vast city, the center into which pour thousands of trains and vehicles of every sort from all the country round and from which issues the food supply that keeps 3,000,000 people from starving.

Even on the most ordinary night of the year the great Paris market is a place of entrancing interest. Victor Hugo describes it in several of his novels. Other French authors have chosen it as the chief scene in their works. Zola's "The Stomach of Paris" treats of it, and it figures in no end of melodramas that have been translated into every known language. Moreover, it is so invariably regarded as one of the great sights of Paris that no foreigner ever comes here without devoting a night to the exploration of the quaint neighborhood.

What it is on other nights, however, is nothing to what all that vicinity becomes on New Year's eve. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else on the globe. Into a space bounded by nearly a dozen blocks and flaring in a light that makes it almost as bright as day comes a huge proportion of the population, some on business, others on merriment bound, and all radiating with noise. Bands of itinerant musicians dot the singing sea here and there, fighting for dear life to keep their feet in the rush, but all the time screeching out instrumental discord. Temporary booths fringe the sidewalks, behind which are peddlers of all sorts shrieking their wares so loud that you might think they were trying to tempt the inhabitants of Mars to come and buy. Every little while you hear what sounds like the sharp report of a pistol shot, but it is only the drivers of market wagons notifying the crowds to look out for the wheels. Young men and boys go by in bands, blowing deafening horns with an energy that money could not buy. Every human being among the thousands who hasn't a horn at his lips is using that favorite of all weapons for Frenchmen—his mouth—in a way that would make a bellowing elephant blush with envy. And every one is either laughing or doing what represents it, for all Paris is merry.



REFORMATION OF MR. JONES.

JONES' recollections of the previous night were indefinite indeed. Faint gleams of intelligence, fugitive as a summer zephyr, came to him as he sat up in bed, but his efforts to retain and formulate them into entities of thought were futile. He remembered having heard whistles, cannons, firecrackers and tin horns blended in discordant inharmonious, while a large gentleman with a flush on his face like the aurora borealis in the Klondike leaned affectionately over a table and, grasping his hand, exclaimed with husky effusiveness, "Ha! Yoo Yearsh, ol' chap!" There were other gentlemen around the table, and all had flushes on their faces, but Jones had never seen them before. The portly gentleman with the beaming countenance, though, must have been a pretty jolly fellow. He would look him up.

"Look him up?" Jones thought a moment while both hands pressed tightly against either side of his aching head. "Look him up? Well, I guess not. This is New Year's. This is the day I've been looking for. Will I look him up? Sit still; stay where you are, my beating, throbbing head. I shall treat you as tenderly in the future as a father does his only twin. No longer; never again shall my stomach rule your brain. Bide with me yet but once, and no more aches shall ride roughshod from frontal bone to base. Look him up? This is the day of good resolutions, the dawn of reformations, the moment of reason with a mind that sorrows. Look him up? Oh, Thomas!"

Thomas responded. Jones was provided with a bath, shaving water, towels, rearranged clothing and breakfast. A modicum of the latter sufficed to stay his appetite, not at all ravenous, and make his head fit the hat he had worn the night before. Then he stood before his dressing case, gazing at his reflection in the mirror.

It was enough. His own image, his face, his eyes, reproached him for the excesses of a year. His reformation should be complete. He would not



drink or smoke. He would not date his letters 1910 for the first two weeks in 1911. He would return all the books he had borrowed and retained during the year. He would make no calls, accept no eggnog, no seductive punches. He would refrain from smiling on both sides the man who squeezed his hand on the street and shouted "Same to you" or "Hoss an' hoss." All of those things he would let go by, for he was to be a better man.

Full of his good resolutions and arrayed in his finest, Jones started downtown. The hat he had worn the previous night he discarded. In its place

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newspapers to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The



IN PURSUIT OF THE HAT.

census of the block also revealed a solitary negro, grimy of countenance and expansive as to mouth, sitting with an air of breezy insolence on a brick cart. Then came Jones' experience.

It was all over in an instant, and it would take a kinesiograph and a Dickens properly to depict it. Suddenly Jones stopped short with an expression of anticipatory anguish on his face. As his overcoat flapped in the breeze both his arms shot upward and his hands were clasped convulsively on his head. His hat was soaring through the air. That derby of the latest block was bounding over bumps in the atmosphere at the rate of a million a minute, and Jones' hair, overlong, was fluttering. He paused for a moment, hopeful, expectant, but no help came, and he started after it.

"Yah, yah, yah!" yelled the negro on the cart, throwing his feet up in an ecstasy of mirth as he saw Jones dash down the street in pursuit of the hat.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the seventeen old gentlemen, clapping their hands and dancing around.

"Shriek, shriek, shriek!" came from the thirty-three pretty young ladies. "Keep a-going!" "Eat 'im up, coat-tails!" "What's your hurry?" "Oh, look at the man, sister!" "Papa, he's chas' in' his hat!" "Catch it!" merry ha-ha, catcalls, hoots and pertinent comments from the ninety-four small children.

"D—!" said Jones as he overtook the hat and stamped on it with the force and vigor of an enraged human being. "D—hats! D—old gentlemen! D—pretty girls! D—New Year's resolutions! D—a man that'll make an ass of himself running after his hat! If I'd waited some bloomin' idiot would have chased it for me. Good resolutions, with a mashed hat and a wind like this! I'll look up my fat friend."

"All right, boss; wait a minute," said the negro cabman late that night. "Yes, gib me de key. Ah'll git yo' in de house all right, an' we won't 'sturb nobody. Reckon yo'd better let me put yo' t' bed."

"What's z'mazzer—wh-wherz Thomas?" demanded a voice as the owner of it got unsteadily out of the cab on the arm of the driver and caromed with a six inch balk line he seemed to be steering clear of to the front door.

The voice was Jones'; the man was Jones. But, oh, how different! His overcoat was buttoned on a bias; his hat was crushed in; his toes turned backward when he tried to go ahead; his face, whose image had reproached him twelve hours before, was flushed, but it was Jones, and he had met his fat friend.

REAL NEW YEAR BELLS.

Some of the Famous Ones That Ring in the New Twelvemonth.

In the early days of the American republic the new year was announced in Philadelphia by the ringing of what is now known as the Liberty bell. After the events of July 4, 1776, made the bell one of the most priceless relics of the nation custodians of Independence hall restricted its use, fearing some mishap, and after 1830 the bell was no longer used for the new year salute. In 1832, in celebration of George Washington's birthday, it was rung and not again for three years, when, July 8, 1835, while the funeral procession of Chief Justice Marshall was passing, the bell was tolled.

Suddenly the note grew discordant. An investigation was made. It was found that a crack had been started. The bell had completed its task. No more would it greet the new year or pay tribute to the nation's great. But from the tower of Liberty's cradle another bell always welcomes the coming of a new year.

Before it collapsed the campanile of Florence had a set of chimes famous the world over. Copenhagen, Ghent, Amsterdam, Oxford, Rouen and Nuremberg have bells famous alike for their beauty and their historical importance. All of these are used to hail the start for a new twelvemonth. Bunyan's bell, No. 4, in the alphabet peal, in the tower of Elstow church, England, is the Mecca for many an admirer of the creator of "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan was noted as a bell ringer, and none could get more beauty out of these chimes than the rough village blacksmith.

England has always revered its New Year peals and the associations they bring to mind. It is nothing unusual for a wealthy member of an English parish to include in his will a bequest which shall insure the ringing of a merry peal on the recurrence of New Year eve.

One of the most loved bells of England is that of St. Mary-le-bow, Cheap-side, London, which forms the basis for a proverbial expression meant to convey emphatically a London nativity. "Born within the sound of Bow bells."

Oldest of New Year chimes in the United States is that of Christ church, in Philadelphia. Philadelphia was a colonial town when they were brought from England at great expense and installed, to become one of the wonders of the city.

It requires eight men to ring these bells, the primitive methods still being adhered to. In the modern method the player sits in front of a keyboard of an octave and a half and plays the black and white keys as he would a piano.

An electric motor supplies the power in this modern form of bells. The most ancient church bell in the United States was recently discovered by Governor M. A. Otero of New Mexico. The bell bears date 1335 and was undoubtedly brought over to this country by the first Spanish settlers and used to call the early Indian converts to the mission services.

As the centuries went by it was hung successively in a mission church in one of the seven cities of Cibola, next at Gran Quivira and finally in the church at Algodones, where it has rested until now.

THE NEW YEAR.

NEW Year, I look straight in your eyes. Our ways and our interests blend. You may be a foe in disguise. But I shall believe you a friend. We get what we give in our measure; We cannot give pain and get pleasure. I give you good will and good cheer, And you must return it, New Year.

WE get what we give in this life. Though often the giver indeed Waits long upon doubting and strife Ere proving the truth of his creed. But somewhere, some way and forever



Reward is the meed of endeavor, And if I am really worth while, New Year, you will give me your smile.

YOU hide in your mystical hand No luck that I cannot control. If I trust my own courage and stand On the infinite strength of my soul. Men hide in his brain and his spirit A power that is godlike, or near it, And he who has measured his force Can govern events in their course.

YOU come with a crown on your brow, New Year, without blemish or spot. Yet you and not I, sir, must bow, For Thou art the servant of Thought. Whatever you bring me of trouble Kind turn into good and then double It my spirit looks up without fear To the source that you came from, New Year.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A New Year's Hope Song. Brother, listen here a little to the song of one who knows Why the ripples on the river and the red is of the rose. One to whom a voice has whispered while his heart stood still to hear Why the bloom is on the bramble, why love's sunshine gilds the tear.

Listen; 'tis a humble message brief as we would wish our cares, Sweet as soft played twilight music stealing o'er us unaware. This is the richest reaping of reward your toil will bring When you think nobody listens to the little songs you sing.

'Tis the nightingale imprisoned in the fastness of a cage, Where no answering philomela's notes his pining may assuage— His the song that aways the heartstrings with the loneliness it breathes, His the power that the poet hath intertwined with laurel wreaths.

Crying out against the darkness, praying for an echoed call, In a thrilling, throbbing cadence hear his pleading rise and fall. So God lets us think our music on a callous world we fling— Lets us think nobody listens to the little songs we sing.

Courage, brothers, while a clamor from the busy world may rise, Filling all the songless spaces 'neath the overarching skies. While we feel our little murmur may be heard by none but us, Sing, sing on, though hearts may falter; It is best we labor thus.

Some one here or there or yonder hears no sound amid it all But the cadence of our carols as they bravely rise and fall. And the very hope it yearns for to some weary soul may bring While you think nobody listens to the little songs you sing.

—Richardson Gilman.

NEW YEAR HERE IT IS AGAIN



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NINETEEN-ELEVEN! That is going some.

Tempus is fugiting. It has the habit. We sprint forever after days to come As swiftly as the nimble jackass rabbit.

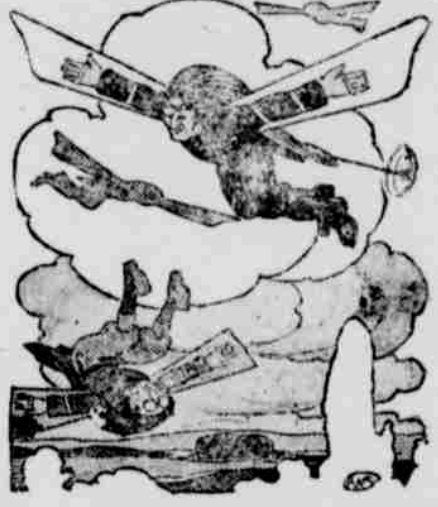
We dream each year will bring us Fortune's plum And through the Future stretch our hands to grab it.

Only to find, in spite of our endeavor, Next year it is as far away as ever.

TIME deals. Twelve months have gone to the discard Since last we had to pen our New Year's greeting.

And now the date returns and hits us hard With melancholy duties of repeating. The form with fresh remarks we interlard.

Like "Turn a new page here," and "Life is fleeting."



The same we've said, with lame attempts to vary. Each year—and will again next January.

WITH high resolves today our hearts are warm. This is the happy season that we swear off.

We are protected from Temptation's storm. At least until our resolutions wear off.

Well, it is good we've one day for reform. In view of what on other days we tear off.

Our vows at least may aid the paving movement. In Colonel Satan's latest town improvement.

AND, speaking of improvement, here on earth Have you observed the clip we have been going?

Old Nineteen-ten had reason for his mirth.



And Uncle Sam can be excused for crowing. Accomplishment has so increased its girth.

That what this year may bring there is no knowing. In twelve months we may all of us be flying.

Or break our ailerons—and necks—in trying.

THIS New Year's! Let us think all things are new, And so they are for us till we have won them.

This moment differs from all moments through. The paths of life are novel as we run them.

Whatever are our deeds, it still is true This is the first time—this time—we have done them.

Nineteen-eleven wipes out last year's sorrow, And Nineteen-twelve is beckoning to-morrow.